

Phillips Phonograph.

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"Phillips Phonograph."

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OTIS M. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

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As Gamey as Ever.

MR. EDITOR:—I have carefully read the article in the PHONO. of second inst., "Determined to Die Game."

Some of the ideas I fully agree with, but many of them I do not. I am sorry to see that you are inclined to adopt the articles on the game question, published in the Boston Herald, as being the correct exposition. The extracts that you published from that paper show either ignorance or willful perversion, on the part of the author of them, for hardly any of them approach the actual facts. I know that it is your wish to get at the truth of the much discussed question, therefore I shall endeavor to point out what I feel confident you will allow are mistakes in your article but more especially in the Herald extracts.

My authority for the statements that I shall make is from the testimony of old hunters, trappers and guides, to say nothing of my personal study, observation and experience.

As the deer question is the one most involved, we will first take that up. The rutting season is the months of September and October. The period of gestation eight months. Therefore the fawns are brought forth during the months of May and June; mostly however about the first of June.

When the time for parturition approaches the timid doe retires to the most remote recesses of the mountains, near a spring or small brook, where she will be in seclusion; (domestic animals often give us an illustration of the same instinct) free from destructive beasts and flies. In such places she remains until the fawns are weaned, which occurs late in August. At this time she is very poor and seeks better feeding grounds near the lakes, ponds and rivers. Meantime the buck remains near the best feeding places and is fat. But the flies are very plentiful and at night he goes into deep water, sometimes so that only the tip of his nose is visible, in order to rid himself of these pests.

Thus it is that the doe is seldom seen at the water in the summer months. The idea that the does seek water because of "the insects that infest their swollen udders" is simply nonsensical. Whoever saw an animal with its young constantly draining the udder that had a swollen one? A very important fact seems to be entirely overlooked in the discussion of the game question; that is regarding the killing of does at a period when they have fawns as also destroying the fawns. Did it never occur to the disputants that it matters not when the doe is killed, fawns are also destroyed, either in the fetus form or otherwise, because the producer is destroyed. Whether it is December or June when a doe dies, it makes no difference; that is gone which cannot be replaced. The death of a buck is of no consequence. Two-thirds of the present number can be killed and still be enough left.

This same fact applies equally well to the fish question. Taking a female trout in June destroys just as many spawn as though caught in September.

The statements regarding the deer on Boston Common are undoubtedly true, but there is very little analogy between tame fawns and those raised in their native wilds. About as much similarity as there is between a weak, sickly city child and a robust country boy. A wild fawn is fully able to take care of itself at the age of six weeks. But if the law permitted shooting in July and August, there would be little danger that any of these animals would be obliged to support themselves, as none of the mothers would be killed for they do not go where they will be exposed, the Herald man to the contrary notwithstanding.

Jack-shooting is not so destructive as many suppose it to be. Many sportsmen have "jacked" for several seasons and in good places too, without seeing a deer. The number of deer that would be killed by "jacking," were it permitted, would be small compared to the number now slaughtered in December.

If I were to choose the hour to be surest of seeing a deer in the water and getting a shot at it, I should select early daylight. A person accustomed to hunting can then approach within a fair shooting distance.

A few years ago, late in July, before the deer were as plentiful as now, I was on a fishing trip in Northern Maine and camped on the shores of a small lake. One evening my guide informed me that if we were to visit certain places at daylight next morning we would probably see a buck. We went, and saw, within a period of two hours, six bucks and approached each one without any difficulty, so that, had we been disposed, we might have killed them. During a stay of a week we saw some twenty bucks, but not a doe, in the water.

One day we made a trip to the top of a mountain about five miles from camp. Near the summit and in a dense thicket we discovered a doe and two fawns. There was plenty of evidence that they had remained in the vicinity since the fawns were born. But I have said enough on this subject.

The wholesale attack on the hotel-keepers, guides, stage and steamboat men is unmerited, unmanly and mean. What persons are there who have not the right to do that which is honorable to increase their business? Because they sign a petition to legislature for an act that they honestly believe to be for their own benefit, as well as others, are they to be called "leaches?" Is it to be supposed that they are fools and not capable of judging for themselves? Are they not as good judges of what is for the interest of fish and game as any Herald man or outsider? Because they exercise their rights and do what they believe to be best they must needs be called "leaches." Shameful!

No doubt but in times past the Fish and Game laws have been violated; but not nearly so much as is supposed by some. I am reminded of the story about the "five hundred cats in our back yard" which on being counted proved to be "our cat and another one." Who is there that is not a law-breaker in some sense? If not the laws of man, surely the laws of God. Which think you is the greater sin? Are the breakers of God's laws usually called by opprobrious names? This

is not a plea in favor of the law-breakers, but rather to remind some people of what they are apt to forget: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone."

Now, having paid my respects to the Herald, I am going to dig you a little, Mr. Editor. Your fears of an invasion of Maine by hordes of "Boston school-boys and cross-eyed Nimrods" are quite unfounded. Two reasons are sufficient. First: Making a hunting or fishing trip to the forests of Maine is expensive, and, as a general thing, Boston school-boys are not burdened with a large surplus of that indispensable article, money. Second: Boston school-boys, as a rule, are not permitted by their parents to go on such expeditions unless they accompany them. Therefore the number of boys would dwindle away as did the "cats" on being counted.

As for "cross-eyed Nimrods," never having seen any, I am unable to vouch. No! No! don't be afraid of the "Boston school-boys and cross-eyed Nimrods." "Old and true sportsmen" will not be compelled to "leave in disgust" if the law is changed. What are the requirements in order to be termed an "old and true sportsman?" Are there no young and true sportsmen? Must the young be debarred from sporting? If so what will become of that honorable title when the present "old and true sportsmen" are dead? Verily, Mr. Editor, you and I were once young, and we can sympathize with the boys. Yes, boys, you can "go in swimming" but you mustn't go near the water." So it is wrong to take a rifle to the lakes, is it? I never thought of it before, but I shouldn't wonder if you were right. Those miserable loons, that now have so much fun dodging bullets, would be deprived of a great pleasure and would be compelled to go elsewhere for amusement, and that would save many trout and be a great benefit to the fishermen. Lots of money would also be saved that is now spent for cartridges and wasted shooting at loons and targets, and that's another point in favor of leaving the rifle at home. My dear fellow! it is the shot gun that kills the deer in jack-shooting; the rifle is quite useless then. Game is much safer in front of a rifle in the hands of most sportsmen, than in front of a shot gun.

The Oquossoc Angling Association is indeed a highly respectable institution. Its members are mostly gentlemen of wealth and position. The Association deserves great credit for the good it has done.

Other gentlemen have cottages or camps at the lakes. They are all interested in the protection of fish and game in order that they may have more sport. Of course they dislike to see other sportsmen depriving them of a large share of their fun for the more sportsmen the less fish and game for each. I don't blame them, for it is but a natural feeling with which we are all more or less tinctured; but it is selfishness all the same. They have considerable money invested at the lakes, but they do not derive a living from this source and are not dependent upon visiting sportsmen for an income, consequently the fewer that come the better they like it.

But there is another class to be considered. The hotel-keepers, guides, stage and steamboat men also have money invested and are dependent largely upon the sportsmen for a subsistence, and the more that come the better for them. Now whose claim

has the better right to be respected? Unquestionably the latter. Still the same spirit of selfishness crops out but with far more reason for their "bread and butter" is deeply concerned. So legislate for "the greatest good to the greatest number." July and August, as a rule, are the months when most men find it possible to have a vacation, for reasons well known to all. Some prefer hunting; some prefer fishing. These sports are equally destructive of fish and game, both living and prospective. Shooting cannot legally be done at this time. Why discriminate? Give each sport an equal chance. Open time from July 1st to November 1st for deer, moose and caribou, letting the fish laws remain as they are, and far less will be destroyed than under the existing laws.

December is the month when nearly all the big game is sent to market and with that month cut off, game will increase more rapidly than now, even all the summer months were included in the open season, and no laws to prevent marketing would be needed. But few persons are aware how difficult it is to get a deer in the summer time. None but skilled hunters and guides are successful. But in December any one can kill them.

Of course should July and August be open time, more sportsmen would visit Maine; but the State is large and each section would see but a small increase. The experiment is worth a trial. The law can be changed again in two years if it bade fair to work disastrously. Surely no great harm can be done in that time. Try it. I think it will be advantageous to all. Remember you "can't keep your pie and eat it too." Give sportsmen a chance to hunt when hunting can be enjoyed. All great innovations have been fought, and cried down and dire disaster predicted, but all have proved blessings. Perhaps this may, if allowed. "Doc."

Oxford County Letter.

BETHEL, February, 1883.

DEAR PHONO.:—We have had a railroad meeting and have put in for a charter, and have on a high fever, "Narrow Gauge," superinduced, perhaps, by seeing the success of your Sandy River affairs. And I suppose you will then find it hard work to control the travel to the lakes as you do now—that is, when we have builded our road to the lakes, and settled in a smart, high-toned newspaper—a regular fighter—twisting the nose of every other paper that does not come up to our ideas about the "R. R." and the "S. T.," and perhaps the Game Laws.

I am of the opinion however, that the paper ought to be established first—for I verily believe your narrow gauge would not have been made at this day if it had not been for the PHONO. But we have a difficulty to contend with which you were not troubled with, which is this: our nearest lake—the Umbagog—is full of pickerel, and no real angler wants to "unreel" them; so we have got to make our road around that lake, and strike Andover—some fifteen miles out of a direct line—in order to avoid the pickerel.

But pray, Mr. Editor, don't get jealous of our ambition, and bear down on us, for there can be no doubt that a R. R. connecting the Grand Trunk to this end of the Rangeley Lake—making, with the lake steamers, a continuous circuit, in and out, with your R. R. to the Maine Central—

The analogy between a moralizer, and the present gain is a terrible temptation to destroy all future chances. I think the game laws are well enough as they are, and that game is increasing from year to year under the present regime. J. G. R.

Our old friend "Doc" wakes up on the Game question this week and we are glad to hear from him. "Doc" writes that he has been under the weather the past winter, and not able to do much writing for the press on his favorite theme—sporting. "Doc" is excellent authority in these matters, and we shall defer to his judgment in many things. We wish all correspondents would follow his example in "sticking to the question," and out of much scribbling, the truth would be "got at." We cannot discuss his letter, and do not need to, but will say that we will be among the last to frown upon youthful sportsmen who may come this way, or even novices, (for we are but a novice) when they respect the laws. The PHONO. only desires good laws and proper enforcement; game and fish propagated and protected to the fullest extent; our railroads, stage-lines, hotel-keepers, guides, etc., to be among the foremost supporters of the laws and protectors of the game, and in this way—on business principles—the great interests of this section properly conducted and managed for the best results for all concerned.

The following bill is before the Legislature for the protection of moose, caribou and deer:

SECTION 1.—No person shall kill, destroy or have in possession, from the first day of September to the first day of January, in each year, more than one moose, two caribou or three deer, under a penalty of \$100 for every moose and \$40 for every caribou killed, destroyed or in possession in excess of said number, and in case of conviction all such moose, caribou or deer or the carcasses or parts thereof shall be decreed by the Courts forfeited to the use of the party prosecuting. Any person having in possession more than the aforesaid number of moose, caribou or deer, or carcasses or parts thereof, shall be deemed to have killed or destroyed them in violation of this act.

SECTION 2.—Any person owning or having in possession dogs for the purpose of hunting moose, caribou or deer, or that are used for such hunting, shall be liable to a penalty of not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars.

SECTION 3.—The penalties prescribed in this act may be recovered in the manner provided by section twenty-five of chapter fifty of the public laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight.

The "Phonograph."

O. M. MOORE, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED AT PHILLIPS, FRIDAYS

Thatcher had dared send her a note this very morning, asking aid for a woman with six fatherless children.

"Not a penny! Not a single penny!" Miss Maria was repeating to her self, as she stood this morning, looking into the cheerless.

All of a sudden it seemed as if the sun glinted from behind the leaden clouds. "as it shining—yes? no? Why, was ere ever such a red head as that on the polders of a small boy opposite, who is busily engaged in spelling out the words on a yellow poster on the fence?"

GILL AND MCGILVER'S RAND PANORAMA OF THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

JAMES DARTING! THE CRASH OF
FALLING BUILDINGS! STARTLING
SCENIC EFFECTS!

MAMMOTH MACHINERY! ETC.

The boy was tracing out the letters with a dirty forefinger, and the more he read the broader grew the grin on his freckled face.

Miss Campbell found herself actually rested, so eager did he look. All at once the urchin turned and saw her. Before the prim spinster could catch her breath he had screwed up one eye in a look of ecstatic wink, and, pointing at the board, began nodding at her till it seemed as if his neck would break.

The impudence of it!" exclaimed Miss Maria, standing as stiff as a stake, and winking with all her might.

At a whit abashed, the boy went on nodding and nodding as briskly as ever. "I'll give the impertinent monkey a piece of my mind," cried Miss Maria, and she excited.

He threw open the window with a jerk. "Are you going to that show?" demanded he severely.

"Eh?" said the youth, springing across the street, and threatening to skewer him-

self on one of the rails of Miss Maria's iron fence.

"Are you going to that show?" icily.

"Bless you! no," exclaimed the youth. "Be you?"

Miss Maria gave a little scream. The idea of a raginuffin like that "blessing" her!

"Going?" repeated the boy. "That looks like it, I should say."

He thrust his hands into his trousers pockets, and brought ten fingers into bold relief through ten holes at the bottoms of them.

He laughed out such a broad, healthy laugh, and gazed up with such twinkling eyes, that the corners of Miss Maria's grim mouth twitched in spite of herself.

"I suppose you wouldn't think it beneath you to accept twenty-five cents from any one who was foolish enough to give it to you," she remarked sarcastically.

"Law! I could get into the gallery with ten," answered the boy.

"Here are the ten."

I've no wonder you open your eyes in astonishment. Miss Campbell was just as much amazed at herself. She even opened her lips to call the lad back, but he had dashed up the street and disappeared with his prize.

The rain began to pour and the wind to howl. Miss Maria spent half the day in writing a crushing letter to a spend-thrift cousin who had "made bold to inquire if a loan of a few dollars could," etc.; and the other half in grumbling at the wickedness of the world in general.

"And now the rain has turned to snow," she muttered at nightfall, and there'll be more shiftless paupers than ever preying on the thrifty rich for shoes and clothing."

No wonder that Miss Maria did not sleep very well that night, and that her light morning nap left her ears open enough to hear a scraping noise outside her dwelling about seven o'clock. "What did it mean? Miss Campbell peeped out.

If there was not that identical red-headed boy shovelling snow as if for dear life. He worked with a will, for half the long sidewalk was clear by the time Miss Maria had put on her wrapper and descended to inquire into the unpardonable liberty he had taken.

"Who gave you leave to shovel my walk?" asked she, framing her tall figure in the doorway.

The boy paused.

"Why, nobody didn't tell me. You give me ten cents, and, says I, 'I'll be square with her,' so I done this job. I say, the panoramy was first-rate. Wisht you'd been there. It would have jest taken you off your feet to see the houses a-falling and the engines running and the 'melodium' a-playing. Law!"

Language quite failed to express last night's raptures, so merely adding, "I'm obliged to you for the cash; I be, honest," the boy fell to work once more.

"I declare, that boy is grateful," meditated Miss Maria in amaze.

She retreated into the house, but was drawn in spite of herself to the window. She began to wonder if the child were not cold, his jacket was so thin and his neck so long and bare.

"I'll give him a comforter."

She climbed the stairs to the attic, and rummaged hastily in the camphor chest. She was in quite a glow when she came down, and somehow, the warmth seemed to have reached her heart. She beckoned to the lad.

"Would you like this?"

The blue eyes glistened. Then he struck an attitude.

"See here, I'll make a trade with you," said he confidently; "do you run a furnace? Give me leave to rake down yer yashes, and I'll call it even."

Miss Campbell drew herself up.

"I make no bargains—" she began, but the boy interrupted her.

"Come now, fight fair," said he pleadingly. "You'd take me for a second cousin to a giraffe if you looked at my neck, and its whistling cold. But I won't wear your scarf unless you let me rake yer yashes. I'm obliged to yer all the same," he added wistfully.

Miss Maria paused. "Then you may rake my ashes," said she solemnly. "What is your name?"

The lad produced a soiled green card from his pocket, and held it out. On it was printed:—

JACOB MOON.

RAGPICKER. PREMIUM GIVEN FOR OLD IRON. INQUIRE AT
No. 10, Cat Alley.

"That's me," said he, "and that's my business. I cleared up Henry Walker's back yard, and he done a hundred of them tickets for me. I give 'em to my friends. Will you take one?"

"No, I thank you," said Miss Maria freezingly. "You may go below and rake the ashes. Mind you do it thoroughly."

She could hear him raking all the time she was at breakfast.

"Which shows," thought Miss Maria, "how faithless Bridget has been. I'll have that boy come daily."

So she did, and as time passed, he stayed longer each day. There were errands to be done; there was kindling to be split; there was wood to be piled. Why not let him scour the knives? The rising Moon fairly beamed with delight at that suggestion. He found a grindstone to sharpen them, into the bargain.

"And if you'd just let me have a pull at that silver tea-pot I see in your dining-room," insinuated he.

"Here is some rogue," said Miss Maria, but she watched him as a cat watches a mouse, for her ancestral silver was the pride of Miss Campbell's heart.

Jacob Moon was surely a rare soul: He handled the tea-pot most tenderly, but it shone like the morning before he put it down.

"You seem to enjoy work," said Miss Maria approvingly.

"There's some folks I'll work for," answered Jacob soberly. "You gave me a ticket to that panoramy, and I like you first rate."

Miss Campbell's heart gave a quick throb at the compliment, however rudely expressed.

Here was some one who was not only thankful for favors, but who really liked her. And Miss Maria was so lonely!

"Jacob Moon," said she, "would you like to come and serve me for a dollar a week?"

"Law!" cried Jacob, "do you really mean it? for if you do, I'm your chap."

So Miss Maria Campbell and Jacob Moon entered into a weighty compact, and over Jacob came a sudden and almost miraculous change. His vivacity, which

might have been called pertness, vanished. His bearing took on an almost ponderous dignity. Had Miss Campbell been a duchess, her lacky could not have been grander in his mannerettes, so to speak.

In the first of his service, several of the youthful inhabitants of Cat alley had taken it upon themselves to haunt Miss Campbell's back gate, or occasionally even went so far as to flatten their noses against the kitchen windows with a "Hi, Jacob!" or a shrill whoop which pierced Miss Maria's ears. But this was speedily stopped. What Mr. Moon said to his former compeers when he sallied majestically forth and addressed them, history does not relate; but not so much as an eyelash did one of them show in the neighborhood again.

Once in a while Jacob visited his friends in Cat alley, and it was clearly understood that the days of his appearance in that vicinity were considered by them quite equal to Fourth of July or Washington's birthday. He always returned a trifle more pompous than before, and waited on table (he had been promoted to that dignity) with the air of a courtier.

It was quite late one night some six months after Jacob had come to his new home, that Miss Campbell returned from a concert. Usually she did not need to ring her door bell, for Jacob's hand had flung the door open before she reached the top of her steps. No matter how tardy she might be, there was always the freckled face, lighted up with a welcome.

Miss Maria would never have believed six months before, that she could have so missed the visage of a read-headed servant.

It was Bridget who came when she had rung twice, and to Miss Maria's hasty—

"Where is Jacob?" Bridget responded: "He went out the first of the evening, ma'am, and not a hair of him have I seen since, and it's going on ten o'clock."

Eleven—twelve o'clock, and still no Jacob. Miss Campbell went to bed in great anxiety.

No Jacob to wait on the breakfast-table! Miss Maria grew alarmed.

"I shall go myself to Cat alley and see if evil has befallen the child," said she.

"Why, there he is, ma'am, coming in the gate," cried Bridget.

There he was indeed, with a very sober face, and carrying in his arms what seemed to be a bundle of rags—or else an old bedquilt—or could it be—

"What have you there?" demanded Miss Campbell.

Into the kitchen Jacob Moon crept. All his pompousness had vanished. He crouched down by the stove, and opened the bundle of rags. A tiny baby—that was what Miss Campbell saw. A little red, wrinkled, mummy-like baby some three days old.

Jacob looked up appealingly.

"It's own niece to me," said he, "my sister's baby, and my sister she died last night. And there ain't a living soul to see to this young one. And O, Miss Maria, I thought as maybe you'd let her have a box to sleep in, along with the kittens, and my wages will feed her hearty."

"Along with the kittens!" replied Miss Campbell. "Jacob Moon, are you a heathen?"

"Law, mum, she's more likely to be a heathen fetched up in Cat alley, nor she would be here with the kits."

Miss Campbell stooped over the baby. A little soft, aimless hand hit her cheek. Miss Maria's face flushed crimson. She caught the baby from Jacob and marched off into the parlor. From thence she issued her orders:

"Bring warm milk!" "Along with the kittens! indeed! Let me see you hurry, Bridget! Warm milk immediately!"

Oh! the feeling of that downy head on her arm! Oh! the touch of those morsels of hands! A sort of fierce frenzy sprang up in this childless woman's heart—a wild desire to keep this baby, and to love this baby, and to have this baby love her. To snatch her away from Cat alley with its vice and dirt. To make a sweet, pure lady of her.

"Better, more gentle than I am," thought Miss Maria humbly.

"Is there no one to take care of your niece, Jacob?" asked she.

"Not a one, mum. Its pa's dead and its ma's dead, and O, Miss Maria, do keep her—never will I let on 'a relation."

"I have wanted some one I could—," said Miss Maria in rather an ashamed way. "As for you, Jacob—"

"Law!" cried that worthy, quite mistaking her meaning, "of course I'm nobody. But oh! I'll wait on yer day and night, if—"

"Go into the kitchen," said Miss Maria sternly, and the crest-fallen Moon slunk out.

It was too late to send back the baby to-day. Miss Campbell found an excuse for keeping her to-morrow. The next day too for that matter. Then she decided she must have some clothes made. That took nearly a month. At the end of that time, no torture would have made Miss Campbell send the scrap back to Cat alley.

"She shall be brought up as my own," said she decidedly, "and her name shall be Alice Campbell."

"Law!" said Jacob, and that was all.

It may have been Law, it certainly was Gospel, the deed Miss Campbell had done. If you could only have seen the change that came over that big, dreary house. There was a smart nurse, in a wonderful cap, always running up and down stairs. There was a great commotion every day, when the baby went out to take an airing. Miss Maria was so very, very busy that she quite forgot to frown. Indeed those two soft, little hands patted every wrinkle out of the stern face.

Then as Alice grew older, all the children in the street came flocking in to play with her. They swarmed up into Miss Maria's lap just as if they had a right there, which indeed they had. Sometimes as many as seven would come at a time to "spend the afternoon," and at nightfall Jacob would pilot them home.

It was not only the well-dressed little who came. Miss Maria coaxed more than one little ragged girl and boy into her house, and she gave them cookies to eat, so you may be sure they didn't need much coaxing the next time.

"But I reckon they don't thank you any too much for your pains," said Mr. Rand, Miss Campbell's lawyer, who happened to be at her house one day.

"What do I care for their thanks!" cried Miss Maria.

Mr. Rand smiled, and a hot flush spread over Miss Campbell's face.

"I'm not the woman I was five years ago, before Jacob brought me my dear Alice," said she gently.

Oh, how big Miss Maria's heart grew! Year after year flew, and happier and more loving was she. As for Alice, no daughter was ever nearer a mother's heart; and when she was married, and her baby, the little Maria, came, surely there was no home in the wide world more blessed than Miss Campbell's.

And did Alice ever know that the good Jacob who had watched and waited on her all these years, was more than a mere servant to her? I suspect that she did. Then why did she not help him rise to a more exalted position?

A more exalted position! What! from being Miss Campbell's footman? Perish the thought! You might as well suggest that a church steeple should rise to the level of a cottage chimney!

There was no fine gentleman, I do assure you, who held his head half so high as did Jacob on this very morning.

For, as it chanced, Miss Maria had come into Alice's room with a bunch of roses in her hand. She gave one to baby "Mia" to play with, and put the rest into a vase.

"It may seem absurd, and perhaps sentimental, Alice," said she with a little embarrassed laugh, "but I brought the roses because it is just thirty years to-day since Jacob shoveled my sidewalk for me. I was a hard woman then, my dear, and very lonely. See, now God has given me you and your husband and Mia, and through the gratitude of one ragged boy has made me learn how much of love and goodness there is in the world. Oh, what if Jacob had run off with that ten cents, and had never come back!"

Then the Moon himself rose above the horizon, his hair as red as ever, his face serene though freckled. He was gorgeous in a brand-new livery—brown, with gilt buttons. His aspect was most imposing. He spoke in a deep and somewhat awful bass voice:

"The carriage waits, ma'am," said he.

Jacob's Baby.

I wonder if any of my readers who live in Boston have ever seen—but no, its not likely they would have noticed the particular coupe of which I am thinking, though it is somewhat peculiar, having a bunch of poppies and dandelions painted on each door. This specimen of high art was the brilliant idea of the footman, and the poppies are no redder than his hair, and the dandelions scarcely yellower than his face, by reason of its multitude of freckles.

He is the spryest footman you ever beheld; and the air with which he leaps from his box when the coupe stops, and the flourishes with which he hands out a gray-haired lady and a younger woman, and the paternal benignity with which, when they have gone into a store, he lingers to protect a two-years-old baby, are most edifying.

Sometimes the baby insists on being taken out of the carriage, and then you should see this footman swell out his chest, and strut up and down behind her, as proud as a peacock, and fierce as a bull-dog. In his eyes there never was such a woman as its young mother, with the exception of his mistress, the gray-haired lady. Without her he could scarcely believe the sun could rise or set. And this is how it all came to pass.

One morning some thirty years ago, Miss Maria Campbell was standing at her parlor window, looking gloomily into the street. It was a dark day, but there must have been clouds besides those in the sky to make such a frown between Miss Maria's eyes.

Miss Maria had had a deal of sorrow, but alas! instead of its making her more gentle and full of sympathy for other people, as the dear God means all grief to make us, it had soured her temper and sharpened her tongue.

"The world is made up of cheats," she had said bitterly to her lawyer, when the great Campbell estate was settled. "Of cheats and of ungrateful beggars. I've tried being charitable, and small thanks did I ever get for my pains. So I'll keep my money to myself hereafter, I promise you."

She had been true to her word, so it was a wonder that kindly little Miss

Farm and Household.

Don't Sell Your Hay.

Hay can be fed to good stock and realize more money out of it than any other way. There isn't money enough in the hay sold from the farm to make it a prosperous business. There is more money in it used in other ways.

A soil exhausted of fertility is deficient principally of three constituents of plant food, namely: Nitrogen, Phosphoric Acid and Potash. Any system that depletes the soil of these is an exhaustive one. These three elements are supplied in barn manure, or in the commercial fertilizers.

In selling hay, we remove with every ton 81 pounds of Nitrogen, 8 2-10 pounds phosphoric acid, and 26 4-10 pounds potash, on an average. Selling hay from the farm is an impoverishing practice.

That course, the farthest removed from selling the raw products of the farm, the hay and grain and roots raised each year upon it, is the safest and the best.

There are different ways to utilize the fodders of the farm and reach corresponding results, more or less beneficial, according to the practice adopted. The most ruinous practice of all is to sell the raw products of the farm without making corresponding returns in some way of the valuable compounds, removed from the soil in the produce grown and sold from it.

Fat animals sold from the farm carry but little of the fertility of the farm away. With growing stock it is different. Muscle or lean meat, or the materials which enter the bone structure in the growing animal carry off more of the fertilizing material from the farm than is removed by fat stock; but then a certain per cent. of the valuable elements in the food is returned to the farm. In selling beef oxen, a ton of live weight will remove about fifty pounds of nitrogen, but will bring a return of \$150 to \$200. A ton of pork takes away only about thirty-five pounds of nitrogen, but has a money value of \$160.—*Ex*

Do not Waste Bones.

The bones of fish, bones of fowls, the large and small pieces of bones which are purchased with beefsteak and mutton constitute the very best food for fruit trees and grape vines, if the fragments are only placed where the roots can lay hold of them. Instead of allowing pieces of bones to be cast into the back-yard, as food for stray dogs and strange cats, domestics should be directed to deposit everything of the sort in a small tub provided with a lid. As soon as only a few pounds have accumulated, we take the tub to some grape vine or fruit tree, dig a hole three or four feet long, a foot or two wide, and not less than a foot deep, into which the bones are dumped, spread over the bottom of the excavation, and covered with the soil. The more the fragments can be spread around, the better. But they should be buried so deep that the plow or spade will not reach them. The roots of growing vines or fruit trees will soon find the valuable mine of rich fertility, and will feed on the elements that will greatly promote the growth of healthy wood, and the development of fair and luscious fruit.

Many horticulturists and farmers purchase bone dust costing not less than two cents a pound, simply to enrich the soil around and beneath their trees and vines. Fragments of bone are just as valuable as ground bone, although their elements of fertility will not be found available in so short a time as if the large pieces were reduced to small atoms. Nevertheless, if large bones be buried three or four feet from a grapevine, the countless number of mouths at the end of roots will soon dissolve, take up, and appropriate every particle. When cast out of the kitchen door, bones are like a nuisance; whereas, if properly buried, they become a source of valuable fertility. Let every person who owns a grape vine or fruit tree save all the bones that pass through the kitchen, and bury them where such worthless material will be turned to some profit.—*Western Farmer.*

Milk stains on serge dresses may be removed by steeping the part in warm water.

Agricultural and Household Notes.

Cream of tartar rubbed upon soiled white kid gloves cleanses them well. One or two geranium leaves, bruised, bound upon a cut or abrasion, will heal it at once.

Mr. A. B. Darling, of New York city, has refused \$10,000 for his Jersey cow, "Bomba."

To preserve flowers in water. Mix a little saltpetre or carbonate of soda with water, and it will preserve the flowers for two weeks.

To extract grease from papered walls, dip a piece of flannel in spirits of wine, rub the grease spots gently once or twice, and the grease will disappear.

A Cincinnati Gazette correspondent feeds his hogs artichokes, and has lost none from cholera, although the disease is very prevalent in his locality.

Half a teaspoonful of carbolic acid in a gill of milk is recommended by J. A. Dodge, in the Journal of Agriculture, as an excellent remedy for hog cholera.

To clean furniture, one pint of linseed oil, one pint vinegar, half pint spirits of wine or alcohol. Shake before using; gives a good polish and effectually cleans the furniture.

A writer to the Breeder's Gazette thinks a lack of salt will account for many of the ills of stock. He thinks a trough constantly supplied with salt should always be kept in the pasture and yard.

To wash calicoes or muslin without fading, soak them two or three hours in a pail of water in which two ounces of sugar of lead has been dissolved, then wash as usual. If they soak longer it does no harm.

A Kentucky farmer cures fowl cholera by boiling a bushel of smart weeds in ten gallons of water to three gallons, and mixing the decoction with their food twice a day for three days, then every other day for a week.

An excellent receipt for removing paint or grease spots from garments may be had by mixing four tablespoonfuls of alcohol with a tablespoonful of salt. Shake the whole well together, and apply with a sponge or brush.

If a cow's hind feet are tied together she cannot kick. It will make the cow some trouble for a time, but the mind of the milker will be secure and undisturbed. After a few weeks a slight cord on each leg will be enough.

Weed out your stock and get rid of the poor milch and butter cows. The profit in a dairy comes wholly from the good cows, while the poor ones not only do not pay for their keeping, but they reduce the profit made by the others.

Charcoal forms an unrivalled poultice for wounds and sores. It is also valuable for what is called proud flesh. It is a great disinfectant. It sweetens the air if placed in shallow dishes around the apartment, and foul water is also purified by its use.

It is not well to keep sheep too closely housed even in winter, for they will stand a very low temperature if they are kept dry; but if left out for any length of time while it is raining or snowing, the fleece will retain the moisture, and the animal will suffer from cold even in moderate winter weather.

Get the Seed Ready.

After the winter is passed and spring opens there is a general rush of work on the farm, and the time in which to do it is short. To do the most work then and the most economically, everything should be done during the winter that will aid in the spring. An important thing to do now is to get the seed out, have it picked over or carefully cleansed of all foul stuff it may contain, so as to be ready to plant or sow as soon as the ground is properly prepared.

It may be the kind of seed you have been planting is unsatisfactory. This will give you a chance to read up on that subject and make inquiry of those well informed as to a better variety. There is no better time for doing this than the long winter evenings. When you know what kind you want, get it and have it ready. There is no difficulty now in getting seeds of any kind from the seed stores, in case they cannot be had nearer home.—*Ex.*

Too Much Salt.

The excessive feeding of salt to cows to induce them to drink heavily, and thus hoping to increase the flow of milk, often acts in the opposite direction. The cow suffers from scours in the effort of nature to throw off the irritating substance, and meantime the flow of milk is diminished; smaller doses of salt stimulate secretions of all the fluids of the body, of course, including milk. When the supply of salt is withdrawn the milk supply falls to its usual standard. There is no way of making a cow give more milk for any length of time by compelling her to drink water. On the other hand, if the cow is fed with green or stemmed food, or that containing a due proportion of moisture, the increased flow of milk may be kept up so long as the cow will eat it, or until other demands divert her feed to different uses.—*American Cultivator.*

L. E. QUIMBY, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Phillips, Me.

Office in Beal Block. Residence at the Dr. Kimball stand.



HAPPY BABY SOOTHING SYRUP

150,137 Bottles Used
by the mothers of the United States during the last six months.

The "Happy Baby" is the only Soothing Syrup in the world which contains no opiates or stimulating drugs, and can be used by mothers with perfect safety for children while Teething, or troubled with Croup, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, &c., &c. It quiets the nerves and gives the child that natural sleep which promotes the health of both mother and child. If your druggist does not keep it, have him get it where he gets his medicines, and do not take anything else.

Prepared by WOMEN'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Buffalo, N. Y., and sold by Druggists. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Just opened at French Brothers 1000 yards Hamburgs and Insertions, 1500 yards Irish trimmings, 1000 yards Lace of all kinds. The above named goods we offer from 25 to 50 per cent. less than any other dealers in the county. Call early and have a complete stock to select from. FRENCH BROTHERS, Phillips, Maine.

Friday, Feb. 16. 3

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"78 E. 54th St., New York, May 16, 1882. MESSRS. J. C. AYER & CO., Gentlemen: Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good. Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; price \$1, six bottles for \$5.



AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

Best Purgative Medicine
cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders.
Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

—We are—

CLOSING OUT

—A Line of—

HAMBURGS!

At prices that will induce you to buy if you have not before thought of purchasing. Call in and be convinced. We keep the only Line of

Confectionery!

At this end of the town, and can present all varieties found in a first-class establishment.

IN GROCERIES

We have numerous varieties of

CROCKERY, CANNED GOODS, TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, MACKEREL, PICKLES, PICKLED TRIPE, ETC., ETC., ETC.,

At Bottom Prices. Oysters every Thursday night.

M. H. DAVENPORT & CO.,
UPPER VILLAGE. 21st

WANTED TEACHERS! \$100 Per Month Steady employment during Spring and Summer. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Town Business.

The Selectmen of Phillips will be in session at the Law Office of James Morrison, Jr., on Saturday afternoon of each week, for the transaction of town business. JAMES MORRISON, Jr., N. B. BEAL, D. C. LEAVITT

Maine Central R.R.

Commencing Monday, Oct. 16th, 1882.

PASSENGER TRAINS will leave FARMINGTON for PORTLAND and BOSTON, and for LEWISTON, BRUNSWICK and BATH, at 8.20 A. M.

A MIXED TRAIN leaves FARMINGTON for LEWISTON Lower Station at 3.35 P. M., excepting Saturdays. Passengers taking this train can leave Lewiston at 11.20 P. M. (every night), connecting at Brunswick with Night Pullman Trains for Bangor and Boston.

PASSENGER TRAIN from PORTLAND arrives at FARMINGTON at 5.50 P. M. Freight Train arrives at 1.42 P. M. PAYSON TUCKER, Gen'l Sup't. Portland, Oct. 13th, 1882. 742*

WANTED AGENTS at once for our new book. Daughters of America. It takes wonderfully. B. B. RUSSELL, Pub'r, Boston, Mass.

Sandy River House.

This house recently closed, is now open for business. Terms cash, and reasonable prices. 322* MRS. A. H. GUILD.

RIFLES! RIFLES!

Ballard Carbine,
ONLY \$10.

44 Caliber, Weighs 6 Pounds

Cartridges, \$1.10 Per Hundred.

FOR SALE AT
W. F. Fuller's, Phillips,

—AND—

J. W. EATON'S,
Andover, Maine. 6120

For Sale.

10,000 acres of timber land, well covered with spruce and pine lumber, from ten to fifteen miles from depot at Phillips. 1000 acres of wood and timber lands (in lots to suit the purchaser), from one to six miles from this village. Two farms and a first rate mill site, within two miles of the depot; also 15 or 20 house lots in the village. SEWARD DILL, Phillips, Jan. 18th, 1883. 201*

The "Phonograph."

O. M. MOORE, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED AT PHILLIPS, FRIDAYS

The leading temperance men and women of Maine unite in calling a meeting of the friends of Temperance in Maine, to be held in City Hall, Lewiston, Wednesday (at 7 o'clock, P. M.) and Thursday, Feb. 21st and 22d, the object being the organization of a STATE TEMPERANCE ALLIANCE, in which shall be united all the moral and religious elements of society in an active and well directed war against Intemperance. Regarding Intemperance as "the crime of crimes," as the destroyer of wealth, character, health and happiness, and as the enemy of the Republic and the Church of Christ, they call upon the citizens of Maine, regardless of political or religious affiliations, to attend this meeting, participate in its deliberations, and then unite their hands and hearts to crush out this great evil. The Committee says: "An amendment to our State Constitution will, doubtless, soon be submitted to the people, and we must prepare for the coming conflict. It is a time for counsel, for earnest prayer and united action. This meeting is not called in the interest of any party, or set of men, nor will it be made the instrument of any party; but forgetting everything that divides us in other directions, let us come together as citizens anxious to advance the moral interests, and preserve the good name of our State and Country, and let us organize for a campaign in which every good citizen and Christian should unite. The usual reduction of fares by the rail-roads may be expected."

The Augusta New Age, in speaking of the call for organization of a State Temperance Alliance, has the following:

"There is no confidence to be placed in the men at the head of this movement. They are political tricksters by profession. They have prostituted the temperance question for years past, to the promotion of the selfish aims of the republican party. Such must be their purpose now. And anybody who enlists under the banner of this 'alliance' will find himself conducted by a circuitous, but easy route, into the tail end of Republican camp."

The Age, ever ready to class any good movement, with which it can't agree, as a Republican trick, has done an injustice to one of its old-time friends. The idea of a State Temperance Alliance originated solely with a worthy gentleman well-known in the State as most anything but a Republican. Rev. H. C. Munson is the gentleman referred to, the first Greenback gubernatorial candidate ever presented in Maine. Mr. Munson is an indefatigable temperance worker, and if this great work which he is now engaged in and has originated through his endeavors alone, is corrupted to any party use, it will not be his fault, nor the fault of many other true temperance men who will be at Lewiston next week.

The Prohibition Amendment is to be submitted to the people, as the House and Senate have both passed the resolve. Without argument or "soap" on either side, we believe the Amendment would be adopted three to one, any day—now or a year hence. However, we propose to labor for the cause, and win as many more as possible to the safe measure. When the work is accomplished, if there are those who cannot support the constitution, as legislators, let them stay away, for a man who cannot sustain a clause suppressing the worst crime of the day, has no right to be in a position to tamper with the laws.

Will the friends of the PHONOGRAPH please cut out the following, which we clip from an exchange, and kindly follow the good suggestions therein contained: "If you have a bit of news, or see the need of any public improvement, or notice something that would please and benefit individuals or the community, don't keep it to yourself and find fault because it don't appear in this paper, but rather look up the editor, give him the item or suggestion, and thus make your local paper more valuable."

We have numerous interesting contributed articles, awaiting publication—among them "A Caribou Hunt on Kennebec Lake," of thrilling interest. It will appear soon, and other matters in their order.

Notes and Comments.

Governor Butler evidently believes in reforming others, but not himself.—N. Y. Herald.

It speaks well for his good judgement when he acknowledges it an easier job to reform his State than his state.

The sponge business at Key West has been seriously interfered with this season by bad weather and the excessive taxes imposed on American fishing smacks in Cuban waters by the Cuban authorities, and the spongers have lost heavily in consequence.

Who are the worst "spongers"—the mackers, or the Cubans?

Mr. Owen's biographical sketches of members of the 61st Legislature of Maine have already been mentioned. A complete biographical dictionary of legislative, executive and judicial officers of Maine since the formation of the State might easily be compiled on the same plan, and would be a very useful manual. Mr. Owen ought to be set about it by the State.—Portland Advertiser.

The Advertiser is a notorious joker! Owen is too good an editor to be kept fooling around in that manner.

It was suggested that the next annual excursion of the Maine Press Association should be to Boston and New York. If the trip could only be made now, wealthy editors like Gilman and Morrell might indulge in strawberries at \$10 a quart and peaches at \$3 each.—Belfast Journal.

If Gilman were chairman of the committee of arrangements, the trip would not cost the Association members but 12 1-2 cts. apiece, and he would "do Europe" and Niagara Falls on the price of a peach.

A Want of Improvement.

Mr. Editor:—Since I have been here looking around for improvements in your town, I have somehow, by accident, or otherwise, stumbled on your splendid water-power. I went into the gristmill—the only mill or machinery I can see here. One run of stones were moving around about fast enough to jam up the kernels of corn and fix it so that the horses and cattle could eat it; but how can they make good meal? Do you say they wait for the water to rise? I went out to see it rise after the gate was shut. How can it rise when the water nearly all runs through the dam? There is a good site for a dam, but there is not much of a dam by a dam site.

It is a great pity there was not a few rocks here so that a permanent dam could be built that would stand all the freshets that could be got up here; and I know they get up freshets here that will "raise the dead." It seems to me that the skeleton of a dam here might be made tight enough to raise the water as high as the dam at least. Let about 10 or 15 horse teams go to work hauling gravel for about a week. The ice makes an excellent bridge for the purpose. If I was about 40 years younger than I am, I would like to engineer a dam here that would make a constant head that would turn the wheels for a set of machinery that would be an ornament and source of profit to all concerned. STRANGER.

The Portland Advertiser thinks we were properly punished, inasmuch as we were credited with a quotation from that excellent paper. As we were ill, at home, the item was published without credit. We have never been guilty of wilfully appropriating another's property, whether a production of the brain or muscle. This newspaper stealing, of all things, is detestable.

An enterprising Dexter man, in trade, advertises to give a cow away, July 4th. He asks, "Who will have her?" The lucky man will have 'er heifer, won't he? The picture received here looks like a "good milker."

Alden J. Blethen, Esq., formerly of Farmington Blue School, now of the Kansas City Journal, has been elected president of the Kansas and Missouri Associated Press.

There seems to be little doubt that the representative classification of '81 will be adopted. So far as it relates to this county it is as follows. We are entitled to 4.—Jay, Chesterville, Wilton and Carthage 1; Farmington and New Sharon 1; Strong, Avon, Phillips, Weld, Temple, Perkins Pl., Washington Pl., No. 6 Pl., Industry, New Vineyard, Freeman, Salem, Letter E Pl., 1; Kingfield, Eustis, Madrid, Rangeley, Rangeley Pl., Dallas Pl., Greenville Pl., Coplin Pl., and all other territory in Franklin County not included in any other district 1.—Chronicle.

Church Dedication at Rangeley.

Rangeley Lakes are famous to the tourist and the lover of trout-fishing, being unsurpassed in New England for the surrounding beauty, where Nature appears in her wild grandeur. The great range of mountains the immense forests of timber, and the many clear lakes filled with fish offer attractions to be found in but few other places. But Rangeley in midwinter seems a different thing altogether, and we shall not soon forget our journey there. Leaving Auburn Feb. 2, we reached Farmington by the M. C. R. R., thence taking the narrow gauge Sandy R. R. Phillips is reached about 7.30 the same evening. Here we were met by the Rev. C. W. Foster, who is laboring at Phillips and Madrid with good prospects and the esteem of his people. The next morning we faced Rangeley, and started for our journey of 20 miles by the stage; accompanied all the way from home by our friend, I. C. Lombard, Esq., of Auburn. But who can describe the journey we took, or recount the mishaps, the falling of the horses, the changing over of the harness, the many contrivances and the patience of the stage-driver in order to get us in to Rangeley on that memorable Saturday? A severe snowstorm was raging all the time and the roads were so blocked that it seemed impossible to get along; but after eight hours journeying, we reached the end of the twenty miles, having been overtaken on the way by Rev. C. W. Foster and Raymond Toothaker, Esq., in one sleigh, and another sleigh with two more good friends from Phillips, who finally decided to brave the storm and the roads to be present at the dedicatory service. The church spire is something new under the sun in Rangeley, there being no other for a distance of twenty miles. But the people evidently knew how to appreciate a good thing; for on the Saturday afternoon when the pews were sold, of the entire forty-four in the church, every one was purchased at its full appraised price. Good for the people of Rangeley!

The church is well situated, on rising land, at the head of the thriving village, worth in all about \$3,700. The audience room is commodious and exceedingly neat, well lighted, and a good vestry below. It speaks much for the perseverance and management of its building committee, and also for the faithful endeavors of our brother, Rev. R. A. Proctor, and his good wife. Notwithstanding the continued storm, Sunday saw a house well filled three times during the day. In the morning, on Feb. 4, the church was dedicated. After singing by the choir, invocation was offered by Rev. R. A. Proctor, the pastor; Scripture lessons by Rev. Mr. Foster, and the sermon and dedicatory prayer by Rev. J. J. Hall. Text, Psal. 122: 1. In the afternoon Rev. C. W. Foster preached an interesting discourse from the words, "What think ye of Christ?" and in the evening, we again proclaimed the glorious gospel of the Son of God. The evening meeting was one of much power, and the presence of the Divine Spirit was felt by all present. To God be the praise. Too much can not be said of the willingness of the people to receive the message and the messenger, and their great interest in their new church. Squire Burke, the exceedingly affable proprietor of the Rangeley Lake House, generously declined accepting any pay for entertaining persons at the hotel from Saturday until Monday. It seemed a good time for all present. May God's blessing abundantly be given to the people of Rangeley, and may great good come to them from the church just dedicated.—J. J. Hall, in Morning Star.

Almost a Centenarian.

Mr. Editor:—Being in Farmington a few days since, I called upon Mr. Jotham Bradbury, who lives on a delightful spot with nice buildings. I found him writing at a table covered with books and the papers of the day which he reads readily without the aid of glasses. He looks hale and hearty and every inch a gentleman. He converses of the passing events and of events of more than half a century ago, with all the vividness and earnestness of a gentleman of 50 years. He is now 93 years of age. He related to me the events of the war of 1812; his experience as a soldier stationed at the mouth of the Kennebec, and of seeing the British ships of war blockading the entrance to the river. He keeps a diary and notices all passing events. He showed me a bound

book for that purpose, in daily use. He has a big stack of them which he has found very useful, and his townspeople have often obtained valuable information from them, in ascertaining the date of many transactions of value to the town. Mr. Bradbury must be a member of a long-lived family. He has a sister living in the town of Carthage, two years his senior—a lady of remarkable powers of mind for one of her age. The writer of this article made her acquaintance about 50 years ago. She is the widow of the late Daniel Storer, Esq. I saw her some three years ago and found her in possession of all her faculties, using no glasses to read; somewhat bowed with age, but the same "Aunt Jennie" of half a century ago. We hope she will live to be an hundred years of age, at least. J. D.

"The Turn of the Tide."

A stranger who has been prowling about town for the last fortnight, happened into the hall Wednesday evening, to hear and see the play entitled "The Turn of the Tide," by the amateurs of Phillips. His ideas of the talent of Phillips for theatrical performances were not very exalted when he came into the hall. But truth obliges him to say that his ideas meet with a sudden change. The parts in the play were exceedingly well taken; every one acting a part seemed to be the right person in the right place. The writer feels very much like praising some of the best performers, but where shall he begin. Every one was best. Suffice it to say, that negro was a Noble fellow and cannot be beaten; he was simply immense. I want to name the ladies who acted their parts so nicely, and I believe I would if I knew them. I often see the eyes of one of them looking through the delivery in the P. O. Another picking time in the Phono. office. The other two ladies are excellent and capable of filling any place on the stage that is assigned them, as amateurs. If I should undertake to point out the young gentleman who, in my opinion, best performed his part, I should probably incur the displeasure of all the rest, and not feeling competent to decide which did the best, I prefer not to infringe on the high Morill and double character of Capt. Clyde and Col. Ellsworth, nor add to the renown of the Frenchman, the commander of the "Tidal Wave," Old Jonas Aldrich did grandly; he played drunk and sober and Moore too. All of which is respectfully submitted by

THE STRANGER.

Crosby Invalid Bedstead.

We take the liberty of calling your attention to an advertisement in another column of what is pronounced by all who have used it, one of the best inventions ever presented to the public—the Crosby Invalid Bedstead. Simple in construction, never getting out of order with fair usage, giving comfort to patients prostrated by exhaustion resulting from disease or broken limbs, admitting of changing from one bed to another without discomfort; permits a change of bed clothes, taking out and cooling or airing the mattress, and any service on the part of the nurse without pain or even discomfort to the patient. These facts make it beneficial in cases of extreme weakness; and in every kind of disease which requires the patient to maintain a quiet state this bed will be found invaluable. In cases of acute rheumatism or rheumatic fever nothing else will serve as a substitute. It also tends to prevent and cure fever sores.

It was used in our army hospitals during the latter part of the war, was thoroughly tested by many surgeons, and commended by an Examining Board of which James B. Cuyler, Medical Inspector U. S. A. was President. These medical gentlemen say to the Surgeon General—"The facility it affords in treating wounds, and the ease with which parts of the body in contact with the bed can be ventilated and bathed, or dressings applied without moving the patient—the readiness with which defecation can be accomplished, and the general cleanliness and freedom from factor insured, are points of excellence for which this invention is remarkable."

Capt. Robinson is the agent for this vicinity; see advertisement.

The Senate committee on commerce will probably report the shipping bill in practically the same form as it passed the House.

The committee on finance consigned \$43,000 worth of bonds to the flames Monday.

Local News and Notes.

—It looks like rain.

—When the rain comes, look out?

—The village schools closed this week.

—Miss Fanny Hall, of Auburn, is visiting friends in town.

—M. C. Kelley and wife arrived home from the West last Wednesday.

—Our "Curvo" letter will be omitted this week; will appear in the next issue.

—Isn't it a bit cheeky to ask a paper to be "stopped" when the dues are not paid.

—There is to be an excursion of young folks, to Strong, this Friday evening. Particulars not received.

—No rain here since the first snow of the winter—or early in the fall. We'll get it yet, and find it wet.

—Frank Wilbur, accompanied by his sister, Miss Georgine, is spending a few weeks in New Bedford, Mass.

—French Bros. commence the sale of 2,500 yards best remnant, at 5 cts. per yard, on Monday, 19th inst.

—The school in district No. 9, Avon, will give an exhibition at the Town House, Friday evening, Feb. 23d.

—All are invited to attend the Congregationalist sociable, which will meet with Mrs. N. U. Hinkley, next Friday evening.

—Shepard, at the upper village, desires to announce that he is selling 60 ct. corsets for 45 cts., and \$1.00 corsets for 84 cts.

—We are compelled to go to Dover N. H. (the Morning Star) for a report of the recent dedication of the church at Rangeley. See another column.

—The Methodist folks and friends evidently had a good time at the Grange hall, Thursday evening. The great bean-eater was unable to be present.

—It is suggested that the "Turn of the Tide" be repeated next week (Saturday, probably) for the purpose of establishing some protection against fires.

—Rev. Mr. Wheelwright will preach next Sabbath morning at the Union church. In the afternoon he will preach at the Congregationalist church in Strong.

—Mrs. Clark Jusselyn, an aged lady living at the upper village slipped on the ice Wednesday and, falling, broke her thigh bone. Drs. Toothaker and Quimby attended her.

—As we looked from the window Monday and saw the water dripping from the caves for the first time for a month or so, it gave hopes of a January thaw ere the glorious 4th should dawn.

—Harry P. Dill, Esq., of Phillips, has been nominated by the President as Consul at Geulph, Canada. Harry is now U. S. commercial Agent at Sorel, Can. His friends here will be pleased to see him again promoted.

—F. L. Sprague formerly of Phillips, now of Hudson, Mass., writes us a pleasant letter regarding that lively business place. There are lots of Phillips folks in Hudson, among them J. J. Goodwin, who is in feeble health this winter.

—The next meeting of Franklin County Grange will be held at New Vineyard, on Wednesday, the 21st inst., at 10 o'clock a. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all fourth degree members to be present, says the Secretary.

—We hear that church-going people are kept from going to sleep at the Union church, for fear that the long stove funnel will fall during the services. It certainly has symptoms of a collapse, and for the good of the cause, should be attended to.

—Hamburgs in thirty different styles can be found at E. H. Shepard's, at the upper village. Rubber coats and circulars, dresses, goods, hats and caps, ready-made clothing, ladies and gents furnishing goods, and a large stock of bed-blankets, at cost.

—The concert proposed for next week, at the close of Rev. Mr. Foster's singing at school, has been postponed until the 28th inst. It will be a pleasant affair, and much good music will be brought out. Remember the date—Wednesday, the 28th inst.

—Another stranger in town has sent in for publication a complimentary note on the recent drama. It is so much the same nature as one already in type that we will omit the last one. For the company, we would extend thanks for the words of commendation.

Miscellany.

His Pa Mortified.

THE BAD BOY RELATES A SUNDAY EXPERIENCE.

"What was the health officer doing over to your house this morning?" said the grocery man to the bad boy as the youth was firing frozen potatoes at the man who collects garbage in the alley.

"They are searching for sewer gas and such things, and they have got plumbers and other society experts till you can't rest, and I came away for fear they would find the sewer gas and warn my jacket. Say, do you think it is right, when anything smells awfully, to always lay it to a boy?"

"Well, in nine cases out of ten they would hit it right, but what do you think is the trouble over to your house, honest?"

"S-h-h! Now don't breathe a word of it to a living soul, or I am a dead boy. You see I was over to the dairy fair at the exposition building Saturday night, and when they were breaking up me and my chum helped to carry boxes of cheese and firkins of butter, and a cheese man gave each of us a piece of limburger cheese, wrapped up in tinfoil. Sunday morning I opened my piece, and it made me tired. Oh, it was the offest smell I ever heard of, except the smell when they found a tramp who lunged himself in the woods on the Whitewash bay road, and had been dead three weeks. It was just like a old back-number funeral. Pa and ma were just getting ready to go to church, and I cut off a piece of cheese and put it in the inside pocket of pa's vest, and I put another in the lining of ma's muff, and they went to church. I went down to church, too, and sat on a back seat with my chum, looking just as pious as though I was taking up a collection. The church was pretty warm, and by the time they got up to sing the first hymn, pa's cheese began to smell a match against ma's cheese. Pa held one side of the hymn book and ma held the other, and pa he always sings for all that is out, and when he braced himself and sung 'Just as I am,' ma thought pa's voice was tintured with biliousness, and she looked at him, and told him to stop singing and breathe through his nose, 'caus his breath was enough to stop a clock. Pa stopped singing and turned around kind of cross towards ma, and then he smelled ma's cheese, and he turned his head the other way and said 'whew,' and they didn't sing any more, but they looked at each other as though they smelled frowy. When they sat down they sat as far apart as they could get, and pa sat next to a woman who used to be a nurse in a hospital, and when she smelled pa's cheese she looked at him as though he had the small pox and she held her handkerchief to her nose. The man in the other end of the pew, that ma sat near, he was a stranger from Racine who belongs to our church, and he looked at ma sort of queer, and after the minister prayed, and they got up to sing again the man took his hat and went out, and when he came by me he said something in a whisper about a female glue factory. Well, sir, before the sermon was over everybody in that part of the church had their handkerchiefs to their noses, and they looked at pa and ma scandalous, and the two ushers they came around in the pews looking for a dog, and when the minister got over his sermon, and wiped the perspiration off his face, he said he would like to have the trustees of the church stay after meeting, as there was business of importance to transact. He said the question of proper ventilation and sewerage for the church would be brought up, and that he presumed the congregation had noticed this morning that the church was unusually full of sewer gas. He said he had spoken of the matter before, and expected it would be attended to before this. He said he was a meek and humble follower of the Lamb, and was willing to cast his lot wherever the Master decided, but he would be blessed if he would preach any longer in a church that smelled like a bone-boiling establishment. He said that religion was

a good thing, but no person could enjoy religion as well in a fat-rendering establishment as he could in a flower garden, and as far as he was concerned he had got enough. Everybody looked at everybody else, and pa looked at ma as though he knew where the sewer gas came from, and ma looked at pa real mad, and me and my chum lit out, and I went home and distributed my cheese all round. I put a slice in ma's bureau drawer down under her underclothes, and a piece in the spare room, under the bed, and a piece in the bath-room, in the soap dish, and a slice in the album on the parlor table, and a piece in the library, in a book, and I went to the dining-room and put some under the table, and dropped a piece under the range in the kitchen. I tell you the house was loaded for bear. Ma came home from church first, and when I asked where pa was, she said she hoped he had gone to walk around a block to air himself. Pa came home to dinner, and then he got a smell at the house, and ma put a comfortable around her shoulders and told pa he was a disgrace to civilization. She tried to get pa to drink some carbolic acid. Pa finally convinced ma that it was not him and then they decided that it was the house that smelled so, as well as the church, and all Sunday afternoon they went visiting, and this morning pa went down to the health office and got the inspector of nuisances to come up to the house, and when he smelled around a while, he said there was dead rats in the main sewer pipe, and they sent for plumbers, and ma went out to a neighbor's to borrow some fresh air, and when the plumbers began to dig up the floor in the basement I came over here. If they find any of the limburg cheese it will go hard with me. The hired girls have both quit and ma says she is going to break up keeping house and board. That's just into my hand. I want to board at a hotel, where you can have a bill of fare and toothpicks and billiards and everything. Well, I guess I will go over to the house and stand in the back door and listen to the mocking bird. If you see me flying out of the alley with my coat full of boots you can bet they have discovered the sewer gas."—Peck's Sun.

Hibernating Bears.

Many of the bears are winter sleepers and are often captured by well known marks upon the snow, recognized by the sportsman. Like the hedgehog, the bear depends entirely upon its accumulation of fat, and during the fall is in prime condition, when, in October or November, it enters upon its winter home. One of these nests of the black bear, found by the writer several miles from Lake Uto-wana, in the Adirondacks, was beneath a hugh tree, four or five of whose great roots branched out on each side. The earth had been removed on the south side, the interior lined with leaves, twigs and other refuse matter that would make a comfortable bed; and, covered with snow in a dense jungle, the animal had perfect security. Soon after the bear has retired the intestines shrink and become clogged or hardened with a substance known as tappen, in reality pine leaves and the bark of fir trees that they eat immediately prior to entering upon the state of hibernation, that remains in position until spring, and so slow is the exhaustion of fat, that is now the food supply, that animals have been found five months after their involuntary entombment as fat as when they went in. During the sleep the skin upon the balls of the feet is renewed. The males of the polar bear do not hibernate, a fact proven by the late polar expedition of the yacht Eira. According to Mr. Leigh Smith, they did not see a female bear from October to March 13. The winter home is merely a shelter in the lee of some rock, the bear allowing herself to be snowed in. Here the young are born before spring, their additional respiration serving to enlarge the snowy house, from which they emerge in early spring, the mother well worn by her attempts at sustaining a family under what would appear exceedingly adverse circumstances.—New York Evening Post.

Heard while going out of the Worcester High School hall: Middle-aged lady to gentleman—"I shall never forget an occurrence when I graduated here. I was to say 'In the sun my sister sits and spins,' and in my confusion I said 'In the sun my sister spits and sins.'"

STARTLING STATISTICS.

THE SHADOW HANGING OVER NEW YORK CITY AND THE ENTIRE COUNTRY—A TRIBUNE OPINION.

The nation has been horrified at the burning of a Milwaukee hotel, whereby over seventy lives were lost. This event carried terror because it was sudden and appalling; but had the same disastrous results to life and limb come silently they would have been unnoticed, not only by the people of the land but also by the very community in which they occurred. Fatal events of a far worse nature have taken place in this very city, but they have attracted no attention, nor would they now did not the Bureau of Vital Statistics bring them to our notice. "Figures do not lie," whatever else may be uncertain and the report on the deaths of this city is a startling comment on its life. During the past year the enormous increase of certain maladies is simply appalling. While the total number of deaths has diminished and the death rate on most diseases has decreased, still it is far greater in one or two serious disorders than was ever known before. More people died in the city of New York in 1882 from Bright's disease of the kidneys, than from diphtheria, small-pox and typhoid fever all combined! This scarcely seems possible but it is true, and when it is remembered that less than one-third the actual deaths from Bright's disease are really reported as such, the ravages of the malady can be partially understood.

The immediate query which every reader will make upon such a revelation of facts, is: What causes this increase? This is a difficult question to answer. The nature of the climate, the habits of life, the adulteration of foods and liquors all undoubtedly contribute; but no immediate cause can be assigned. Often before the victim knows it the disease has begun. Its approaches are so stealthy and its symptoms so obscure that they cannot be definitely foreseen and are only known by their effects. Any kidney disorder, however slight, is the first stage of Bright's disease. But it is seldom that kidney disorders can be detected. They do not have any certain symptoms. Mysterious weariness; an unusual appetite; periodical headaches; occasional nausea; uncertain pains; loss vigor; lack of nerve power; irregularity of the heart; disordered daily habits; imperfect digestion—all these and many other symptoms are the indications of kidney disorder even though there may be no pain in the region of the kidneys or in that part of the body. The serious nature of these troubles may be understood from the fact that Bright's disease is as certain to follow diseased kidneys as decomposition follows death.

It is high time that the doctors in this land who have been unable to control kidney troubles, should be aroused and compelled to find some remedy, or acknowledge one already found. The suffering public needs help and cannot await the tardy addition of any hair-splitting code or incorrectly formulated theories. If the medical world has no certain remedy for this terrible disease let them acknowledge it and seek for one outside the pale of their profession. For the discovery of this remedy and for its application to this disease, the people of this city; the people of the whole land; not only those who are suffering, but those who have friends in danger are earnestly and longingly looking.

The above quotation from the New York Tribune is causing considerable commotion, as it seems to lift the cover from a subject that has become a national importance. The alarming increase of kidney diseases; their insidious beginnings and frightful endings and the acknowledged inability of physicians to successfully cope with them may well awaken the greatest dread of every one who has the slightest symptoms. It is fortunate, however, that the surest relief is often found where, possibly, least expected, and that there is a specific for the evils above described we have come to fully believe. Within the past two years we have frequently seen statements of parties claiming to have been cured of serious kidney troubles even after hope had been abandoned; but in common with most people we have discredited them. Quite recently, however, a number of prominent and well-known men have come out voluntarily and stated over their signatures that they were completely cured by the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. Most people have been aware that this medicine has an unusual standing and one entitling it to be classed above proprietary articles generally; but that it had accomplished so much in checking the ravages of kidney diseases is not so generally known. Its great worth has been shown not only by the cures it has effected, but also because a number of base imitations have appeared in the market, fraudulently claiming the valuable qualities of the original Safe Cure. If it were not valuable, it would not be imitated.

The above may seem like an ultra endorsement of a popular remedy but it is not one whit stronger than the facts admit. Whatever assists the world toward health and consequent happiness, should receive the hearty endorsement of the press and all friends of humanity. It is on precisely this principle that the foregoing statement is made and it merits the careful consideration of every thinking reader.

LOTS OF

GOOD

BARGAINS

AT

NOBLE'S.

DR. Z. V. CARVILL,
DENTIST,

Beal Block, Phillips.

Ether Administered.

J. MORRISON, JR.,
Attorney at Law,

PHILLIPS, MAINE, 451
Office hours, 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.

L. A. DASCUMB,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

PHILLIPS, MAINE.
Office and Residence third door above the
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Nice Job Work at this Office

SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great soreness on my breast, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, and spleen, but I got no relief. I thought I would try Brown's Iron Bitters; I have now taken one bottle and a half and am about well—pain in side and back all gone—soreness all out of my breast, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and flesh. It can justly be called the king of medicines.

JOHN K. ALLENDER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

ABOVE ALL COMPETITORS

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LIGHT RUNNING

NEW HOME

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SEWING MACHINE

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR
HAS MORE IMPROVEMENTS THAN ALL
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L. A. SMITH, FARMINGTON.

Farm for Sale.

Situated in Madrid, three-fourths mile from village, containing 80 acres, 400 sugar maple trees; buildings in fair condition. Terms easy. For further particulars, apply to me at Madrid, 201 HIRAM W. LARKIN.

Narrow Escape

Of a Massachusetts Engineer—Timely Warning of Mr. John Spencer, Baggage Master of the B. & A. R. R.

Marvelous Cure of Stone in the Bladder—Large Stones Removed by "Kennedy's Favorite Remedy."

From the Pittsfield, (Mass.) Eagle. Stones in the Bladder is at once a most annoying and very dangerous ailment; but many most remarkable cures have of late been wrought by "Kennedy's Favorite Remedy"—the invention of Dr. Kennedy of Rondout, N. Y. Another striking case is now added to the list. Mr. Peter Lawler, of Dalton, Mass., states in a letter to Dr. Kennedy that he had been troubled with bladder complaint for 14 years, and had consulted at different times seven physicians; but nothing beyond temporary allayment of the pain had been worked for him. Towards the end of last January Mr. Lawler called on Dr. Kennedy. Sounding him, the doctor "struck stone." He decided that Mr. Lawler should first try the "Favorite Remedy," so as, if possible, to avoid an operation. And here is the remarkable result: "Dear Doctor Kennedy—The day after I came home I passed two gravel stones, and am doing nicely now. If you would like to see the stones I will send them to you." This letter bears date "Dalton Mass., Feb. 6," and is signed "Peter Lawler." The stones, which are so large as to warrant for "Kennedy's Favorite Remedy" the claim that it is the most successful specific for Stone yet discovered, are now in Dr. Kennedy's possession. Incidentally Mr. Lawler also states that the "Favorite Remedy" at the same time cured him of a stubborn case of rheumatism; and it is a fact that in all affections arising out of disorders of the liver or urinary organs it is a searching remedy and works marvelous benefits. It is in itself almost a medicine chest. Order it of your druggist. Price \$1 a bottle.

HEART TROUBLES

ONE IN THREE HAS THEM. And think the Kidneys or Liver at Fault.

HYPERTROPHY, or enlargement of Ventricles. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator has good record. **PERICARDITIS**, or inflammation of heart case. Graves' Heart Regulator meets the demand. **WATER in the heart case.** (Accompanied by Dropsy). The Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator, it acts promptly. **SOFTENING of the Heart.** (very common) **PALPITATION.** Dr. Graves' Regulator is a sure remedy. **ANGINA PECTORIS**, or Neuralgia of the Heart. Graves' Heart Regulator alone great results. A STAGGERING FACT: Heart troubles in the aggregate, are inferior only to consumption in fatality. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator is a specific. \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, by express. Send stamp for physicians' treatise on these diseases. In Nervous Prostration and Sleeplessness, Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator has no equal. F. E. INGLE, Sole Am. Agent, Concord, N. H. Sold by all Leading Druggists.

HEART DISEASES

Swaynes

TO LIVE TO A GOOD OLD AGE, FREE FROM ALL DISEASES.

ACHES AND PAINS, USE THIS GREAT HEALTH RESTORER.

PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD

ACT AS A HEART CORRECTOR

And by cleansing, regulating, and strengthening the organs of digestion, secretion and absorption, cure Apoplexy, Fits, Paralysis, Nervousness, Dizziness, Debility, Biliousness, Etc. Breath, Jaundice, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Low Spirits, Indigestion or Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, Fevers, Malaria and Contagion, Fever and Ague, Diarrhoea, Dropsy, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Female Weakness, Urinary Disorders, and all irregularities of the Spleen, Stomach, Bladder and Bowels.

Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all DRUGGISTS FOR THEM.

Sandy River R. R.

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1882, trains will be run as follows:
Leave Phillips at 6:55 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.
Strong at 7:25 " " 2:10 "

Returning:
Leave Farmington at 9:15 A.M. and 5:55 P.M.
Strong at 10:10 " " 6:42 "
Arriving in Phillips at 7:10
4-11 D. L. DENNISON, Supt.

RECHARD'S TURBINE WATER WHEEL

Warranted to give satisfaction, or no pay.

J. E. LADD, MILLWRIGHT

and M. Engineer, dealer in all kinds of machinery for saw and grist mills. General Agent for the State of Maine for Richard's Turbine Water Wheel, the cheapest first-class wheel on the market. Sold on its own merits, which will stand the test every time. For descriptive Catalogue, terms, etc., apply to J. E. LADD, Gardiner, Me.

Job Printing at this Office.

Fun and Physic.

Eva, noticing a flock of noisy, chattering blackbirds, said: "Mamma, I guess there're having a sewing 'ciety!'"

ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY.—Ladies wishing a perfume that combines novelty, delicacy and richness, find Floreston Cologne entirely satisfactory. 4123.

At Twin Lakes, Col., the wind blew eighty-seven days and nights in one direction before it got tired out. The people in that vicinity couldn't help thinking of a Greenback orator.

Everybody is using, and everybody is recommending to everybody's friends, Brown's Iron Bitters as a reliable iron medicine, a true tonic.

One hotel in Albany has a knotted rope at every window for guests to descend by. The proprietor has been offered \$100 to descend this way from the third story window, but he declines with thanks.

Iron in a colorless state and Peruvian bark, combined with well known aromatics, make Brown's Iron Bitters the best medicine known.

Some heartless wretch caught two cats, tied them by the tails and hung them into the cellar of a church. The residents of the vicinity heard the noise the animals made and thought it was the choir rehearsing.

The young lady who made 700 words out of "conservatory" last fall has eloped. We feel sorry for the young man; it is bad enough where one word brings on another, but just think of one word bringing on 700.

A Nebraska justice of the peace fined his own son \$15 for contempt of court, but the boy not being able to pay it, and the father having only 65 cents about him the fine was remitted and the paternal boot substituted.

"Do I look anything like you, Mr. Jones?" inquired Cauliflower. "I hope not," was the reply. "Did a man take you for me?" "Yes." "Where is he?" "I must lick him." "Oh, he's dead. I shot him on the spot."

It is very mortifying to a policeman who is trying to do his duty, and runs half a block to stop what appears to be a row, to find that it is only the proprietor of a cigar store trying to coax his wooden Indian to go inside for the night.

I have used two bottles of the Household Blood Purifier and Cough Syrup, and I found it the best thing yet for the blood. It builds up the system, makes blood and gives a good appetite and is pleasant to take. C. W. JOHNSON, Waltham, Mass.

An exchange announces, in a tone of surprise: "The Czar and Czarina have been dancing at a ball." There doesn't seem to be anything out of the way in such conduct. That is what such balls are for. Now, if they had danced at a prayer meeting, comment would have been in order.

"I shan't be gone long," remarked Juniper as he left the house the other evening. "Not going anywhere in particular; only going out to take the air." "Be careful that you do not come in air-tight," was the injunction of Mrs. J., whose knowledge of Juniper's failing had not been gotten confidence.

Bill Nye's prescription: An excellent liniment for neuralgia is made of sassafras, oil of organum, and a half-ounce of tincture of capsicum, with half a pint of alcohol. Soak nine yards of flannel in this mixture, wrap it around the head, and then insert the head in a haystack till death comes to your relief.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM SOLVED.—The desire for stimulants is becoming a monstrous evil and how to overcome it is a serious question with reformers. Parker's Ginger Tonic fairly solves the difficult problem. It invigorates body and mind without intoxicating, and has brought health and happiness to many desolate homes.—Enquirer. 4123.

The Bangor Commercial has received "a communication which is so badly written that it cannot be deciphered entire, so badly spelled that what can be deciphered is very ludicrous and so badly construed that the writer's object is veiled in mystery. It was probably written by a blind man, against a bill-board, in a snow storm, while a couple of local politicians were discussing the tariff question. For these and other reasons we decline to publish it."

Great Sale of Winter Clothing

Men's Overcoats, strong and serviceable, only \$3.00.

Men's fine Overcoats made from extra quality, \$6.75, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$10.00 and \$14.00.

Boys Overcoats, \$2.75, \$5.75, \$7.00.

Children's Overcoats, \$4.00 to \$4.25.

Men's Suits, \$5.50 to \$13.75

Boys Suits, \$4 to \$13.50.

Children's Suits, \$3.50 to \$4.75.

Cardigan Jackets, 85 cts., \$1.00, \$1.55, \$1.35, \$2.25.

Men's Gloves & Mitts in Endless Variety, 25 cts. to \$1.50.

Men's Pants, \$1.25 to \$4.75

Gent's and Ladies Furnishing Goods Store.

Hats and Caps in all sizes, from 25 cts. to \$2.25.

Fur Caps in great bargains can be found at my store.

Lace Shirts! 50 cts. to \$2.40.

Men's and Boys' Under Shirts in great trades.

In Shirts and Flannels I can show the best trade in town.

E. H. SHEPARD, Phillips Upper Village.

DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, SKIRTS, PRINTS, FLANNELS, NUBIAS, SCARFS, MITTS, BLANKETS, CLOAKS, DOLMANS, FUR CAPS, TIES, COLLARS, GLOVES, HOODS, CLOAK TRIMMINGS, DRESS BRAID, BUTTONS, NEEDLES, PINS, THREAD, FACTORY CLOTH, LADIES' Under VESTS, in all sizes down to Children's.

Call in and see my trades in Goods, for Cash, before you Buy Elsewhere. Overalls Cheap. Don't fail to Call on me.

TESTIMONIALS.

FARMINGTON, Sept. 21st, 1882.

I have used Kittredge's Medicamentum more or less in my practice and think it a valuable remedy, and worthy to be patronized.

J. L. BLAKE, M. D.

DIXFIELD, Me., Feb. 7th, 1880.

I hereby testify that I have used KITTREDGE'S MEDICAMENTUM since last fall, for many of the difficulties for which it is recommended. I consider it a valuable family medicine.

C. E. PHILLOON, M. D.

PREPARED BY J. R. KITTREDGE & CO., Carthage, Me. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

MANHOOD

How Lost, How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated essay on the radical cure of Spermatorrhea or Seminal Weakness. Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence, or sexual extravagance, &c.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once, simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land. Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address 135 THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 41 Ann St., New York, N. Y.; P. O. Box, 450

Shall a Cough Carry You Off?

"Exactly. You're right. It is a mercy that there is a dozen pounds left of me. But the greatest mercy of all is that before I actually coughed myself out of existence I got hold of Parker's Ginger Tonic, and a few bottles cured me." In this positive strain writes Mr. Abraham Orner, of Highspire, Dauphin Co., Pa. The Tonic will render you the same service. It is not a mere essence of ginger, but an original compound of powerful curatives. It stimulates, warms, soothes and tones up the system. 4121

Dr. Macalaster's Iced Cotton for Toothache is the Children's Friend and Mothers' comfort. It deadens the nerve and gives permanent relief. For sale by druggists. 174

AGENTS WANTED for "Theatrical and Circus Life," revealing the mysteries of the theatre, circus, variety show, concert life, &c.; home and private life of actors and actresses; 150 beautiful illustrations and elegant colored plates. Positively the fastest selling book ever published; outfit 50 cts; illustrated circular free. PARK PUBLISHING CO., Hartford Conn 4123

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE to any sufferer, who will send me on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. J. L. LOGGIE, 161 Pearl St., New York.

Wanted

AGENTS! AGENTS! AGENTS! For GEN. DODGE'S brand new book, entitled **Thirty-Three Years Among OUR WILD INDIANS!**

A true record of the Author's Thirty-Three Years Personal Experience among our Indians. With an able introduction By Gen. Sherman.

This new work was at once subscribed for by President ARTHUR and entire Cabinet, and by Gen. Sherman, Gen. Grant, Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Hancock, and those ends of Eminent Men. GEN. GRANT says: "It is the best book on Indian life ever written." BISHOP WHEAT (Methodist) says: "It is a book of immense value." It is the only authentic account of our Indians ever published, fully revealing their "inner life," secret doings, exploits, etc. It is replete with thrilling experiences of the Author, and of famous Scouts, Trappers, Cow-boys, Miners, Border Ruffians, etc., vividly portraying life in the Great West as it now is. 43d thousand in press. With Steel Engravings and Superb Chromo-Lithograph Plates in 15 colors, from photographs made by the U. S. Government expressly for this great work.

AGENTS! This grand book is now out-selling all others 10 to 1. No competition. Agents receive 10 to 20 orders a day. We want 1000 more agents at once. Exclusive Territory and Special Terms given. Our large circulars with full particulars sent free. A fine Specimen Plate sent in addition for a 3 cent stamp. Address the sole publishers, A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

Mothers Read This

STONE RIDGE, N. Y.

VAN DEUSEN BROS.—Dear Sir: Your WORM CONFECTIONS have been invaluable to us. Our little boy, two years old, discharged over thirty worms in a few days, using only a few of your worm Confections. I am glad to bear testimony to the value of Van Deusen's Worm Confections. Yours, Rev. J. L. McNAIR.

Try them—25c a box. VAN DEUSEN BROS., Kingston, N. Y.

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Knowlton & McLeary, Propr's.

All kinds of fine Book and Job Printing executed with dispatch. In fact, anything from a Card to a Mammoth Poster—Orders by mail promptly attended to 1734.

Orders from any part of the country will receive prompt attention.

Gent's and Ladies Furnishing Goods Store.

Hats and Caps in all sizes, from 25 cts. to \$2.25.

Fur Caps in great bargains can be found at my store.

Lace Shirts! 50 cts. to \$2.40.

Men's and Boys' Under Shirts in great trades.

In Shirts and Flannels I can show the best trade in town.

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DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, SKIRTS, PRINTS, FLANNELS, NUBIAS, SCARFS, MITTS, BLANKETS, CLOAKS, DOLMANS, FUR CAPS, TIES, COLLARS, GLOVES, HOODS, CLOAK TRIMMINGS, DRESS BRAID, BUTTONS, NEEDLES, PINS, THREAD, FACTORY CLOTH, LADIES' Under VESTS, in all sizes down to Children's.

Call in and see my trades in Goods, for Cash, before you Buy Elsewhere. Overalls Cheap. Don't fail to Call on me.

TESTIMONIALS.

FARMINGTON, Sept. 21st, 1882.

I have used Kittredge's Medicamentum more or less in my practice and think it a valuable remedy, and worthy to be patronized.

J. L. BLAKE, M. D.

DIXFIELD, Me., Feb. 7th, 1880.

I hereby testify that I have used KITTREDGE'S MEDICAMENTUM since last fall, for many of the difficulties for which it is recommended. I consider it a valuable family medicine.

C. E. PHILLOON, M. D.

PREPARED BY J. R. KITTREDGE & CO., Carthage, Me. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

MANHOOD

How Lost, How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated essay on the radical cure of Spermatorrhea or Seminal Weakness. Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence, or sexual extravagance, &c.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once, simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land. Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address 135 THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 41 Ann St., New York, N. Y.; P. O. Box, 450

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"Exactly. You're right. It is a mercy that there is a dozen pounds left of me. But the greatest mercy of all is that before I actually coughed myself out of existence I got hold of Parker's Ginger Tonic, and a few bottles cured me." In this positive strain writes Mr. Abraham Orner, of Highspire, Dauphin Co., Pa. The Tonic will render you the same service. It is not a mere essence of ginger, but an original compound of powerful curatives. It stimulates, warms, soothes and tones up the system. 4121

Dr. Macalaster's Iced Cotton for Toothache is the Children's Friend and Mothers' comfort. It deadens the nerve and gives permanent relief. For sale by druggists. 174

AGENTS WANTED for "Theatrical and Circus Life," revealing the mysteries of the theatre, circus, variety show, concert life, &c.; home and private life of actors and actresses; 150 beautiful illustrations and elegant colored plates. Positively the fastest selling book ever published; outfit 50 cts; illustrated circular free. PARK PUBLISHING CO., Hartford Conn 4123

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE to any sufferer, who will send me on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. J. L. LOGGIE, 161 Pearl St., New York.

Wanted

AGENTS! AGENTS! AGENTS! For GEN. DODGE'S brand new book, entitled **Thirty-Three Years Among OUR WILD INDIANS!**

A true record of the Author's Thirty-Three Years Personal Experience among our Indians. With an able introduction By Gen. Sherman.

This new work was at once subscribed for by President ARTHUR and entire Cabinet, and by Gen. Sherman, Gen. Grant, Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Hancock, and those ends of Eminent Men. GEN. GRANT says: "It is the best book on Indian life ever written." BISHOP WHEAT (Methodist) says: "It is a book of immense value." It is the only authentic account of our Indians ever published, fully revealing their "inner life," secret doings, exploits, etc. It is replete with thrilling experiences of the Author, and of famous Scouts, Trappers, Cow-boys, Miners, Border Ruffians, etc., vividly portraying life in the Great West as it now is. 43d thousand in press. With Steel Engravings and Superb Chromo-Lithograph Plates in 15 colors, from photographs made by the U. S. Government expressly for this great work.

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Mothers Read This

STONE RIDGE, N. Y.

VAN DEUSEN BROS.—Dear Sir: Your WORM CONFECTIONS have been invaluable to us. Our little boy, two years old, discharged over thirty worms in a few days, using only a few of your worm Confections. I am glad to bear testimony to the value of Van Deusen's Worm Confections. Yours, Rev. J. L. McNAIR.

Try them—25c a box. VAN DEUSEN BROS., Kingston, N. Y.

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ACHING NERVES CAUSE AGONY!

PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER BRINGS **RELIEF!**

NEURALGIA SCIATICA TOOTHACHE EARACHE

And the whole noxious family of nerve diseases are cured by **Perry Davis's Pain Killer** SURE!

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ACHING NERVES CAUSE AGONY!

PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER BRINGS **RELIEF!**

NEURALGIA SCIATICA TOOTHACHE EARACHE

News of the Week.

Richard Wagner, the composer, is dead.
Ex-Gov. Wm. E. Smith of Wisconsin, died Tuesday.

Nordenskjöld, the Swedish explorer, has arranged an Arctic expedition this year.

The President gave a final reception to Senators and Representatives Tuesday evening.

The Commercial states W. S. Nickerson of Bangor, has failed. Liabilities said to be about \$7,000.

It is said that an informer named Fitzpatrick will identify the actual stabbers of Cavendish and Burke, who were two in number.

Dr. Gallupe, of Bangor one of the oldest Homoeopathic physicians in this country, died very suddenly at his residence 105 Hammond street.

James Treglown, who murdered Minnie Chergwin, was sentenced on Monday at Morristown, N. J., to be hanged Wednesday, March 21st.

Brakeman Patton of the wrecked Southern Pacific train, has been found guilty of criminal neglect, and held for trial. The conductor was discharged.

The liabilities of Rogers & Co., bankrupt coal and iron firm, are \$133,000. W. R. Donnelly, furniture dealer, has failed for \$30,000. Both of Chicago.

Two collisions occurred on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road near Malden. In one 16 cars and a locomotive were wrecked, in the other several cars and lot of hogs were burned.

R. J. Fleming of Chicago was arrested on charges of obtaining money under false pretences. It is alleged that he had received nearly \$500,000. Fifteen thousand dollars were found upon his person.

George Sheldon, son of Chief Judge Sheldon, suddenly left Buffalo on Sunday. He had forged several real estate deeds, on which he had raised some \$2000. He was a clerk in the City Attorney's office.

The hotel, sheds and stable belonging to H. K. Small, known as the Caribou House, at Caribou, were burned Feb. 13. Most of the furniture was saved. The fire originated in the stable. Loss \$5,000. Insured for \$3,000.

At Naples, Me., Feb. 13, Fred C. Wentworth's general variety store and sale work manufactory was wholly destroyed by fire. Cause unknown. Loss on building, \$1,000; estimated loss on goods and machines \$3,500. Insured for \$800 on store, and \$2,500 on contents.

The Long Branch Ocean Pier Co. brought a civil suit several months ago against James Robinson and John Sullivan of Boston, to recover \$35,000 for damages caused to the pier by the wreck of the barque Wm. J. Stairs. The case was called Monday, and the Pier Co. not responding was non-suited.

Last spring James Andrews, of Cornish, was bitten by a dog, and the animal immediately killed. Nothing was thought of the matter until about a fortnight ago, when Mr. Andrews showed slight signs of hydrophobia. He became so violent that it was necessary to confine him, and last Friday he died in horrible agony.

A private despatch from Muscagee, Indian Territory, says that Gen. Pleasant Porter, commander of the Government party of the Creek Indians, left Okmulkee on the 9th inst, with 400 men for the camp of the rebel faction under Spioche. In the meantime Major Tuft, the United States agent has been appointed to whom has been referred all causes of trouble.

Commissioner Dudley, of the Pension Bureau, will draw from the Treasury this month two million three hundred thousand dollars, and on the first of next month twelve millions. The month's draft will be for the new cases allowed, and next month's or the quarterly pensions payable March 4th. This will make nearly forty-eight of the eighty-five millions appropriated for the current fiscal year. Mr. Dudley says that he will need every dollar of the remaining thirty-seven millions before July 1st, and that about eighty-five per cent. of this sum is collected the day they are due. The public debt statement of this month will not show the twelve millions to be drawn March 1st.

To the People of Phillips and Vicinity.

Having decided to stay in Phillips, I want to say to my Customers that you will always find the largest stock to select from at my store as you have in the past. I shall add largely to my stock, and shall keep a much larger stock than ever before. I offer a few extra bargains for the next 30 days. 500 yds. Remnants of 36 inch Unbleached Cotton 8 1-2 cents. 500 yards Remnants of 36 inch very heavy Cotton 8 cents. 300 yards double width plaids, 12 1-2 cts., regular price 25 cts.; 100 yds. Remember my motto: Lower than the Lowest, and I sell Goods only for Cash.

B. FRANK HAYDEN,

No. 2 Beal Block, PHILLIPS, ME.
Black Front.

NOTICE!

To the Public:

If you are thinking of purchasing Stove, call at my store and I will show you the "Clarion," one of the best heating stoves in the market, or the "Sunrise," a handsome parlor cook, and if these are not just what you want, I cannot fail to suit you from my large and varied stock of both Cook and Heating Stoves. Lumbermen and Farmers will find at my store a large and complete assortment of Axes. I have the patent Metallic Weather Strips, a new and grand thing for keeping out the cold air from about doors and

windows. I have recently added a stock of Artists' Materials, and have a full line of Tube Paints, Brushes, Picture Varnish, Nut Oil, etc. I have Johnson's Kalsomine, the Averill Prepared Paint, Oilcloths, Matting, Cutlery, &c., &c.

I need only mention in closing that my stock of Tin and Hardware is more full and complete than ever before. I have been in business in Phillips long enough for you to understand that I deal squarely with my customers, and my rapidly increasing business indicates that fair dealing is appreciated. Respectfully soliciting your patronage,

Yours Truly,

C. M. DAVIS,

Upper Village, Phillips.

HINKLEY & CRAGIN.

Another Big Boom!

GREAT CLOSING SALE!

Having bought the entire stock of B. F. Hayden, consisting of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

HATS AND CAPS,

We are prepared to sell very much Below the Cost in Boston.

BEAR IN MIND!

These goods are all New and Good. Now is the time for you to buy

Overcoats!

We have a double stock and must reduce it to make room for Spring Stock.

We have 50 dozen Hats!

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HALF PRICE.

—Our stock of—

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are also Marked Down very cheap.

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CUFF AND COLLAR BUTTONS,
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Band and Stone Rings, Chains, Ear Jew-
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DRY GOODS & GROCERIES.

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CORN, FLOUR, BOOTS & SHOES, READY
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kept in a Country Store. Prices of all goods
as low as the lowest. L. F. CHANDLER.